PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-37

The Carmel Cymbal

Vol 6. • No. 4 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 22, 1937 5 CENTS

Monterey Airport Seeks Aid of City

PURPLE HEART AWARDED TO FRED McINDOE AND BY FORD

Byington Ford and Fred McIndoe this week received from the United States government citations for wounds received in the World War and are awarded the Purple Heart. This is the oldest army medal, first conferred by George Washington, and Ford and McIndoe are, as far as is known, the only Carmel veterans to have received it.

Ford was a first lieutenant in Battery B, 102nd Field Artillery when he was blinded by gas at a little town called Tresevaux on October 10, 1918, during the Argonne offensive. Under him were 50 men and in the engagement in which he was gassed, 30 of them were killed. On Armistice Day, a month later, Ford was lying in a hospital still blind.

Fred McIndoe was cited for two wounds, one received on August 2, 1918, and the other on November 10, 1918, the day before the Armistice. This, also, was in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and McIndoe's second wound, a piece of shrapnel piercing his stomach, sent him to the hospital for three months.

McIndoe lied to the United States government to get into that war. He enlisted in 1917 as 18 years old, when in reality he was only 16. When he received his almost fatal wound he was only 17, still "ineligible" to enter the army.

But the government has forgiven the lie and because of his having received two wounds, his Purple Heart medal will also bear a cluster of oak leaves.

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Carmel Glass Falls Down to 24

The mercury dropped to 24 degrees above zero yesterday morning at 6 o'clock and let nobody tell us it didn't. We happened to see it at that point and at that unearthly hour—on the north side of our house well within the city limits of this here Carmel.

And down at our office while we were standing alternately, almost simultaneously, on our hands and on our feet on the floor radiator, we looked out the window to see the employes of the city in the city's corporation yard huddled around a fire they had kindled to keep from freezing to death before the municipal day started.

This may be all right with polar bears and a certain Eskimo dog we know here in town, but we appeal to whatever gods may be to stop this nonsense. They are carrying a joke too far. It may have been funny to find the water pipes frozen last week, but a thing like that can be overdone. In fact, it has been precisely overdone. For our part, we're through. We give up. Now, will the frost beetle please go somewheres else and gambol.

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The Herman Crossmans were hosts at a cocktail party last Saturday at their home in Pebble Beach.

COUNCILMAN THOBURN IS HERO OF MISSION MESA HOME BLAZE; BURNED IN BATTLING FLAMES

James H. Thoburn, real estater, councilman, street commissioner, park commissioner, American Legionnaire and Jove knows what all, is, to pile on the emoluments, also a fireman of considerable parts. And whether or not he has ever been heroic in any of his other capacities, he is a hero as a fireman.

With his own bare hands, Jim put out a fire in a roof, pulled out a brick chimney, climbed down into an attic and smothered flames that in a few minutes more would have been beyond his control and, perhaps, the scene being outside the city limits, beyond the control of what fire-fighters could be summoned.

The place of occurrence is the home of Miss Alma Edler and her companion, Mrs. Rosemary Dickinson, in the Hatton Fields Mission Mesa Tract. The time was 11:30 on Wednesday morning. The direct cause was the smell of smoke.

Only Mrs. Dickinson was at home at the time, and climbing up onto roofs is not her particular forte. But Thoburn, who happened to be there, is agile and can climb on roofs.

The fire had started from a spark from the chimney from the fireplace. It burned a sizeable hole in the roof and the embers dropped within to the floor of the closed attic. There they started to eat their way through. It was then that the smoke was noticeable to anybody's sense of smell. It was then that Jim acted.

While he was in the attic, after tearing out the chimney, Chief Bob Leidig and two of his men from the Carmel Fire Department arrived and completed the work Thoburn had all but finished himself.

It could have been a serious fire; it probably would have been had Mrs. Dickinson been in the house alone. But with Jim Thoburn on the ground—why, it was nothing. But Jim bears on his hand a sizeable burn that tells it was something after all.

Speaking of a fire district . .

TED KUSTER OPENS GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYHOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO THIS COMING WEDNESDAY

Ooh, look what we got!

All done up swell, and with an R. S. V. P. postal, which we had to use for our regrets!

An invitation to the "Opening and Dedication" of the Golden Bough Playhouse—Where? Of all things, in San Francisco. Imagine a Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco, when actually Golden Bough Playhouses and Theatres of, etc., are, and of right ought to be, indigenous to Carmel.

And directed by whom? Edward Gerhard Kuster, no more, no less!

And, to cap the climax, in fact, to make the thing authoritative to the last degree, a "Postponement" inserted along with everything. It was scheduled to open and be dedicated on Thursday, January 26, as formally printed on the formal invitations. The postponement notice, printed in red with an exclamation point, moves it over to Wednesday, January 27.

If you think that something doesn't stalk Ted Kuster's footsteps, something repeatedly annoying, you're crazy.

Anyway, the invitation reads as follows:

"The Golden Bough Guild of San Francisco Has the Honor to Invite (us are in here) to the Opening and Dedication of the Golden Bough Playhouse, Sutter Street above Van Ness, on the Evening of Tuesday, January 26, 1937 (now Wednesday, January 27) at 8:30, and to the Presentation by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox of the Brilliant Stage Success, now in its Second Year in New York, 'Victoria Regina'.

"The Golden Bough Playhouse will be directed by Edward Ger-

(Continued on Page Five)

COMMITTEE IS NAMED TO STUDY PLAN FOR FIRE DISTRICT HERE

Progress is being made toward the realization of a fire district which will give protection to the well-settled communities just beyond the borders of the city.

Representative citizens interested in the proposal have been named to meet for the purpose of studying the details of such districts. They will meet next week and in cooperation with the Carmel Association of Insurance Agents will discuss similar projects in other sections of the country and ways and means for forming a district here. They will then call a meeting of property owners in the sections desired to be included in the district.

The committee named to meet next week includes Paul Flanders, A. G. E. Hanke, P. H. Coolidge, Dr. H. M. Tolfree, Ed Hatton, M. J. Peterson, Charles L. Berkey, Paul Whitman, Guy Koepp, Kenneth Wood, Herbert Heron, Corum B. Jackson, Charles Van Ryper, Henry F. Dickinson, Joseph Schoeninger.

A cooperation committee has been named to include J. L. Schroeder, president of the Carmel Association of Insurance Agents; Bernard Rowntree, secretary of the association, and Fire Chief Robert Leidig.

COUNCIL WANTS TO KNOW HOW CITIZENS FEEL ON SUBJECT

Is Carmel air-minded to the extent of $800?

Councilman Clara Kellogg had considerable difficulty Wednesday night in getting a satisfactory answer to that query. She desires to know, do the people of Carmel want to contribute approximately $800 to complete the Monterey airport at Del Monte?

In fact, she didn't get a satisfactory answer and she finally brought up with the request that the council delay any recorded intention to expend that amount of money for that purpose until the people had made known their views in the matter.

Therefore the best the council would do, despite the pleas of John Davis, president of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, and W. J. Crabbe, of the chamber's airport committee, was to go on record as selecting the next regular meeting, February 3, as the time at which it would "consider obligating the city of Carmel to the approximate extent of $800" for the purpose.

This somewhat nebulous action is expected to bring down a storm of protest from taxpayers or a wild shout of general acclaim from taxpayers, or both. The council acted thusly in anticipation or apprehension of such reaction on the part of the people. In other words, it doesn't know what the electorate thinks about it, and it wants to find out.

Crabbe and Davis journeyed over from Monterey to beg for help. It appears, as Crabbe put it, that Monterey finds itself "on the spot". It has gone deeper and deeper into

(Continued on Page Eight)

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City Awaits New Club Opening

There is considerable excitement in various circles around town in regard to the opening tomorrow night of the Mission Ranch Club. What with Lloyd Tevis lugging boxes of invitations into the post office and grinning on all citizens from beneath his elephant hat, which serves him as well in the rain as it did Livingstone in the jungle sun, things are beginning to look up and look toward a merry and effervescent spring and summer over beyond Santa Lucia street.

We are told on good authority that everything is ready, even to the badminton and ping pong. There will be eats for those invited and water in the faucets, if you're interested in faucets. There will be dancing in the old barn and maybe somebody will do "Turkey in the Straw", if the farm hands can find any straw, and a turkey.

At any rate, come what may (and in the matter of weather it is the May kind that is being longed for), Willis Walker will officially open the Mission Ranch Club tomorrow. If you are bidden you may go. If not, you may post yourself anywhere along Santa Lucia and listen.

SAYS THE EDITOR

CONSIDER THE MORAL SIDE IN THIS AIRPORT MATTER

There are several angles for Carmel to consider before it obligates itself to the extent of $800 to help in completing the Monterey Airport at Del Monte.

First, there is the question of whether or not we will be benefitted to that extent.

THE CYMBAL thinks that we will be benefitted far beyond that extent. For those who have no qualms about riding high a regular air line in and out of Monterey, or Del Monte, both north and south, would be a distinct advantage. At the present it requires almost three hours to go by train to San Francisco from Monterey. By automobile, if you drive anywhere within the law, it takes almost as long. By plane it does, we are told, take about 55 minutes. You could go up in the morning, have about five or six hours there and get home in time for dinner. Great! If you can afford it.

Second, there is the wonder whether or not we might be injured beyond the point of benefit.

THE CYMBAL thinks we would not. If, as we persistently declare, we are not interested in tourists as such, we need have no fear that an airplane line will bring 'em in. Tourists are not dropping around by that method. The airplane is for those who have some definite destination and want to get there on some serious, or what is commonly called serious, errand. Tourists, as a rule, are less definite persons. There is little danger of airplane lines bringing undesirables to Carmel.

Third, and this is the most important, there is the matter of contributing to the delinquency of the Del Monte Properties Company.

On that THE CYMBAL has mixed emotions. Should we permit the Del Monte Properties Company to "take it on the chin', as Mr. Crabbe of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce so whimsically phrased it at the council meeting Wednesday night? Should we permit Mr. Fleishhacker, to say nothing of our own Sammy Morse, and the other already distraught stockholders of that company, to take a chance, perhaps wreck their financial future, collectively and severally, by operating that airport at a loss for the next three or four years on what is unquestionably the dubious expectancy of its eventually being a paying proposition? THE CYMBAL believes that consideration of the airport proposition should put this angle first; should put it ahead of any thought of whether or not we are to be benefitted or injured by the completion of that airport. "What does it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul?" What, may we ask, when the Moving Finger writes Carmel's epitath, will it have profitted us to have climbed to glorious realization of our fondest hopes of civic joy over the mangled remains of the Del Monte Properties Company?

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THIS PSYCHIATRIC BUSINESS HAS GOT US DOWN

This psychiatric business has got us down—way down.

Here we are, perfectly crazy, or perfectly "border-line", or perfectly neurotic, and along comes the official scribe for the local psychiatrics (may not be the plural, but

what the hell) and tells us along toward the end of some seven thousand words on the front page, that this mission, or something, is only for "perfectly normal people", whoever and whatever they may be.

Furthermore, and you'll have to grab both arms of the furniture to stand this one: " . . for perfectly normal people who are interested in learning more about child guidance, how to be happy though married, how to get along comfortably with bosses and fellow-workers, how to acquire an optimistic and courageous attitude toward life in general."

Now, assuming that there are such things as "perfectly normal people", what perfectly normal person, may we shrinkingly interrogate, would possibly be interested in all these things. We can imagine one of these perfectly normal people (when located) being interested in child guidance and, say, in how to be happy though married, or another one (if found) being all hot and bothered about acquiring an optimistic and/or courageous attitude toward life in general, or still a third, (the hunt is now getting difficult) wanting for some strange reason to get along comfortably with bosses and fellow-workers. But for a "perfectly normal" (them two words is getting me perfectly sick) person to have any possible desire for all four of these enlightenments is just too much. And if such a thing might be possible through putting one's ear at the keyhole where Dr. L. Cody Marsh is doing his stuff, we, for one, if there is no one else who will jump into the breach, pay the supreme sacrifice, or jam a finger in the dyke, here and now issue a warning, and furthermore insist that we have had nothing to do with it.

These words are to be remembered in another week or ten days when things have calmed down and contributions cease to be left with Mrs. Miller at the *Pine Cone* office.

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PERRY NEWBERRY, THIS TIME, IS DEAD RIGHT

Perry Newberry is dead right.

"Carmel has no need to advertise by booklet, folder, placard, or billboard, by newspaper or magazine displays, or by any of the methods which might benefit another city."

These are his words and they are good words. He points out with an accuracy born of the fact that he knows whereof he speaks by personal experience, by long residence here, by observation of the trend of things in Carmel's history, that the village is what it is today principally because of the fact that the charms it has are not advertised; that there has never been one of these "high-pressure" salesmanship stunts to bring just the wrong kind of people to our gates.

He also points out, and with similar accuracy, that the merchants, who profit by the growth of a city, should see this. Carmel has grown, grown perhaps beyond the liking of some of its earlier residents, but grown up to now in a way that cannot be considered objectionable to those who have wanted it to stay as nearly as possible what it was in the beginning. It has so grown because of a certain self-sufficiency, a certain feeling that it is a loveliness unto itself; that it has in natural beauty and freedom of human activity to a large degree, sufficient charm to bring here those who hold within themselves an appreciation of just this sort of place.

Carmel does not want "just people" to come here. In fact, Carmel offers little for "just people". It has no Santa Cruz pavilion on the beach and no board walk; it has no amusement park; it has no "glad way" except that which is occasionally, and over a week-end or two, manufactured spontaneously by its residents.

Carmel is not a summer-resort city in the accepted sense of the term. Its summers are, to give them their due, not conducive to the regular run of summering. We have in our fogs and cool summer days what some of us particularly like, but the summer resort habitue isn't much impressed, or if he is, negatively.

Perry Newberry's advice to residents and merchants alike—advice in which we heartily concur—is that "the three-city (advertising) plan, as chronicled in a recent issue of the Peninsula Herald, should be stopped at our city-limits line".

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HERE'S TED KUSTER STICKING HIS NECK OUT AGAIN

Here's Ted Kuster sticking his neck out again. What a man!

And here's our fervent hope that somehow, some way, somebody will crown him with an olive wreath instead of a bunch of thistles. Here's hoping that the Golden Bough Guild of San Francisco sails along to something bordering on a realization of Kuster's wildest dreams. It is a pleasure to note that among the sponsors of his new project are residents of this community, men and women who know by painful propinquity what his disappointments and travails have been in this neck of the woods. It is a pleasure to see them still backing a man who has gone millions of miles in idealism, and has been so often stopped at the post in practical realization.

Perhaps it is a good omen that hard luck walked up with Kuster to the very opening box office this time, rather than waited until things were looking bright to sneak in and sit beside him in the last row on the aisle. This initial set-back, which is manifest in the postponement notice of his first presentation in San Francisco after he had got out his invitations and had them ready for mailing, may be just an ironic act of fate which, after an opening shap of its fingers, will take itself off and throw a monkey wrench into some other striving human's affairs.

For this "perhaps" we pray to our green and gold gods.

—W. K. B.

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Speaking of post office efficiency (or were we?), one A. W. Clark, whom you probably do not recognize by that cognomen, found in his box not so long ago a letter on the envelope of which was written merely: "Kelly, Carmel, Calif." It seems that there was no hesitation about where that letter was meant to go.

CARMEL CAPERS

Our vagabond poet was more the stuff of dreams without the kitchen apron. On the other hand, we are very partial to Bill Hudson's Tyrolean bonnet. All he now requires is an Alp or two and a yodel for complete congruity.

Please, *dear* Mr. Stanley, hurry with completion of the new Del Monte tap room. We are much distressed and intimidated by the benign and Babbitt-ish countenances of the "past presidents of the Pacific Coast Electrical Supply Dealers" who persistently gaze upon us from the far wall of the temporary quarters.

An ability for polo, a southern accent and the attributes of a blonde—the gods are over good to Winston Frost.

Many of our local reprobates encounter insuperable difficulties in attempting to wean themselves from a diet exclusively liquid. Not Malcolm E. Macbeth! We would give much for a candid camera shot of that same impeccable merchant placidly consuming ice cream in Whitney's.

A favorite scion of noble pioneer stock effects a practical political compromise: carouses with the communists and dines with the conservatives.

Bill Claywell fortifies himself against the stench of an evil world by the atmosphere of rich distilled perfumes wherein he labors; thus ever preserving the cherubic sweetness of his nature.

For those addicted to the exotic: the sardine packers' school of dance, as exemplified in a certain ultra smart P. G. rendezvous where one can never be sure whether the waiter dropped the dishes or the music has begun.

The orchestra apparently labors under the impression that the business at hand is a competition to see which instrument can produce the greatest volume of noise. The dancers, however, think it's a race. The first one around and still standing probably wins the "hostess": a lush little job indeed!

We admire the fortitude of Mr. Frank (Esquire) Townsend who, despite general and deplorable laxness in that respect, continues to uphold sartorial standards in our small community.

On one of our early morning canters through Carmel (we are the vigorous type, you know) we encountered Jack Jordan out in back of the Pine Inn busily painting all the furniture a lovely virgin white, in anticipation of open season on that uncouth, though gamey bird, known as the "tourist" or *homo intransitu*. He achieved a pleasant stippled effect on his nose whilst we watched and was whitening the few remaining dark strands of his erstwhile raven locks ere we continued on our vigorous way.

Some subscribe to the belief that he may, in the fortuitous course of events, get some paint on the furniture. We, however, are of the school of thought which considers such an outlet unworthy of the undeniable artistic abilities of our Mr. Jordan.

We are moved by current displays of millinery to remark that, while last spring's hats resembled nothing so much as miniature truck farms, this year's crop is reminiscent of small hay stacks or head gear worn by the cast of "Good Earth".

"Printers of the better kind at no extra cost"—quotation from the pages of our very generous competitor, the *Pine Cone*, whose editors are ever mindful of even the most intimate needs of its subscribers! Don't crowd, girls. Await your turn and bear in mind that printers, even "of the better kind", while undeniably pure of heart, are inclined to be a bit inky in spots.

More next week, little readers, and be good—both of you!

—L. L.

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THINGS TO COME

Use the mail or Telephone 77 to make contributions to this column.

REVEL

Mission Ranch Club. Tomorrow night at 9. Supper and dance. Invitational. This is the big opening.

American Legion Clubhouse. January 30. Evening. Dance and eats.

DANCE

San Jose Civic Auditorium. February 1. Evening. Monte Carlo Ballelt Russe, presented by Denny-Watrous management.

MUSIC

Sunset School Auditorium. February 6. Richard Crooks in vocal recital, under auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

DRAMATIC

Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco. Sutter Street, above Van Ness. January 27, at 8:30 p. m. Opening and Dedication. Edward Gerhard Kuster, Director.

Golden Bough Green Room. Monte Verde street near Ninth. Saturday evening, January 30. Reading of "Whiteoaks" by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox. Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, reading of "Pride and Prejudice".

Sunset School Auditorium. February 12, 8 p. m. Channing Pollock's "The Fool" by local cast under the auspices of the Community Church.

PSYCHIATRY

Sunset School Auditorium. Tonight. Lecture by Dr. L. Cody Marsh on "Seven Marks of Maturity".

Pine Inn assembly room. Tomorrow afternoon and evening. Group conferences led by Dr. L. Cody Marsh.

Sunset School Auditorium. Sunday night. Lecture by Dr. L. Cody Marsh on "A Disarmament Conference of the Human Heart".

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean avenue at corner of Mission. Two complete performances commencing at 7. Matinees at 2:30. Tonight and tomorrow night and matinee: Johnny Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan Escapes"; Roger Pryor and Muriel Evans in "Missing Girls". Sunday night and Sunday matinee and Monday and Tuesday nights: Myrna Loy, William Powell, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow in "Libeled Lady". Wednesday night: Arthur Treacher and David Niven in "Thank You, Jeeves". Thursday night: Martha Raye and Robert Cummings in "Hideaway Girl"; also Paul Kelly and Kent Taylor in "The Accusing Finger".

ORDERS TAKEN FOR
RUBBER STAMPS
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Sunset Hoopsters Still Wiping Up

Are we happy? Yea-a Bo!
Are we blue? Heck-k No!
Come on, Sunset—
Let's GO!

And this afternoon, with that cry in its ears, the Lightweight Basketball team of Sunset School will line up against a team from Seaside School in the Bay View gymnasium in New Monterey with all intents and purposes leveled at the championship of the league.

This is the last hurdle the Sunsets have to get over and there is every reason to believe from their past performances this season that it will be duck soup.

Last Friday afternoon the Lightweights humbled Del Monte on the Sunset grounds 24 to 12 and the pseudo-lightweights (you could almost call 'em the Flimsies) were sent in in the last quarter. Even then, Del Monte was unable to bridge the gap, or in fact, get even within gun shot of the bridge approach.

To cap the climax, or gild the lily, or pile on the final straw, or whatever you want to call it, the Heavyweights, the poor, downtrodden Heavyweights, who up to this time have been playing basketball as though they thought it was ping pong, or a pillow fight, won their game, too. The score? What matters that? They won.

It should here be noted that the Sunset teams had a marked advantage over the visiting Del Monte boys. They appeared on the floor resplendent in new basketball suits (or is there a basketball suit?) all red and blue—bright blue tops and rich blue pants, as Mentor Bardarson described them.

The teams in the league in which the Sunsets are now sitting so pretty are, beside themselves, Del Monte, Seaside, Pacific Grove, Colton of Monterey, Oak Grove, and Bay View. For the season to date the Sunsets have gone down the field with the other teams simply sprayed on both sides. Only Seaside shows up in the open territory between the local boys and the goal line.

Carmel Dogs To Go To Kennel Show

The Golden Gate Kennel Club Show at San Francisco tomorrow and Sunday is to have some Carmel dogs thrust upon it and there is good reason to believe that blue ribbons will return to the village.

Marian Kingsland is taking ten specimens of canine perfection, among them her prize Welsh terriers and two French poodles.

The Adolph Hankes are taking up their spaniels, as is also Lindsay Gentry. Dr. and Mrs. Kehr are entering their five Sealyhams.

Mrs. Colden Whitman is trekking along with Miss Kingsland and in San Francisco they will meet Mrs. Edward T. Clarke, the well known sportswoman of New York, whose place at Goshen is famed for its Irish deerhounds and Guernsey cattle.

On their way to Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, after judging at the show, will accompany Miss Kingsland and Mrs. Whitman to Carmel and be Miss Kingsland's guests for a day.

Other well known social leaders of New York judging at the San Francisco show are Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman who will probably visit here on the Peninsula after the affair.

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MARY LOUISE PARSONS ENGAGED TO MARRY

Miss Mary Louise Parsons of Carmel is to marry Harold Davis of Pacific Grove. The engagement was announced at a tea given last Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Parsons' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wick W. Parsons, in Fresno. The tea also served to honor Miss Helen MacLachlan who lives with Miss Parsons in Carmel and was a week-end guest at the Parsons home in Fresno. Miss Parsons and Davis will be married in April.

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Meet VIRGIL LEE at NEW MONTEREY 585 Lighthouse Ave.
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8c a bottle
+
Ice Cold ACME ALE
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8c a bottle
+
Ice Cold RAINIER ALE
9c a bottle
+
CALIFORNIA PORT
The kind of sweet wine that's so popular
73c a gallon
+
CALIFORNIA SHERRY
One of the most popular kinds
73c a gallon
+
CALIFORNIA BURGUNDY
49c a gallon
+
CALIFORNIA SAUTERNE
A clear, dry, white table wine. Extremely good for your health!
63c a gallon
+
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5c and 8c
16 oz. 32 oz.

The Carmel Cymbal

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Application for entry as second-class matter pend.

W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of January 15) was as follows:

Paid Subscribers (In Carmel shopping radius)	311
Paid Subscribers (Outside shopping radius)	55
Newsstand Sales	46
Total	412
Gain over previous week	8

TEN YEARS AGO *this week*

From The Cymbal, January 19, 1927

. . . "Rev. Terwilliger Has Hard Words for Kuster Play" was a headline in this issue. The then pastor of the Community Church preached a sermon on the previous Sunday morning excoriating Ted Kuster for producing a play in which the leading character used profanity. The prize part of the reverend gentleman's remarks was: "If you can't tell the difference between drama and dirt, you are a poor one to select plays for our children."

In a reply to the pastor a writer in this issue of THE CYMBAL put the question: "What strange and mystical flight of the imagination gave Reverend Terwilliger the idea that Edward Kuster is at work on selecting plays for children?" It was pointed out by this correspondent that while "it so happens that it is the Reverend Terwilliger's mission in life to make people good, that of Ted Kuster is to make them happy", happy in the sense that they had the good fortune to attend a play remarkably well written and beautifully played.

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. . . The City Trustees decided to buy a fire and burglar-proof safe for the city clerk's office. They did and it is still there, still apparently proof against both burglars and fire. If Saidee Van Brower has her way it will remain there as long as Saidee does—we mean, that the idea of moving either Saidee or the safe to any other location within the city limits is at the moment beyond the conception of any normal Carmel citizen. For some reason that we cannot understand, and Saidee does not seem to be able to make clear, the present City Hall is all that could be desired in the way of city halls—by Saidee.

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. . . The charter membership list of the Carmel Woman's Club was closed this week. It totalled 100 members. THE CYMBAL printed the list of members. It began with Hilda Wallace Argo who now, by the way, is Mrs. Bernard Weitz of Washington, D. C., but who was then the reporter extraordinary for THE CYMBAL.

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. . . "Dawn and the Dons", by Tirey L. Ford, was reviewed in this issue by Dorothea Castelhun. She ended a long review with: "Aside from anything else, it's a wonderful guide book to the interesting sights on the Peninsula, and if you're expecting the sort of visitors who want to go sightseeing, you couldn't make better preparation for them than by reading 'Dawn and the Dons'." The late Tirey L. Ford was the father of our Byington Ford, in case you should happen not to know.

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. . . A concert by the San Francisco Wind Symphony Ensemble was advertised for the Theatre of The Golden Bough. Tickets were on sale at the Palace Drug Store. That was where Tom Bickle hung out, if you remember.

LYNDA SARGENT

CLANGING CYMBALS

In spite of the onslaught of the years on our person, we manage to keep in a dither about things. Nineteen-thirty-seven, for instance, has brought to the California Rabbit Experiment Station the installation of a Self-Feeding System. It has established the fact that Japanese hearts are eight times stronger than ours. It has spurred the hens of the country to lay more (perhaps fresher) eggs. It discovers an American Commonwealth (our own) clarioning the inspiriting motto: "A jug of wine on every table." And it has inspired the lofty Mr. Butler of Columbia to add to his compulsory courses on Contemporary Civilization and Modern Science, another non-elective, *The Humanities Survey* Course, so that by the time you've got through your second year at Morningside Heights you've got the world by the tail and are ready to swing it.

It is our thought that there is no citizen of Carmel so much an old mumpsimus that he is willing to let such challenges as these go unheeded. (Gauntlets for casting down will be supplied free of charge at the Office of THE CYMBAL.)

The dirndl excited us, too. We saw our first 100 per cent American dirndl at the Magnin Shop over at Del Monte the other day—those fetching little Tyrolean frocks with low bodice and very, very swing skirt. (We can refer you to the January number of *Californian and Western Medicine* if you feel you haven't a bodice body. It's a new trick in plastic surgery which bids fair to put the brassiere business definitely on the blink.) Also, at Del Monte, we saw a simply luscious daytime affair in the new blotter linen, a carrot color, hand-stitched in navy with a navy ascot. In spite of what Elsa Maxwell says about getting a millionaire, we believe it's as simple as just donning that frock and going for a stroll. Note: Our own well-dressed Mrs. Berkey was more than prowling among the Magnin things.

We, too, are aroused by the state of our gardens. But in a different way. It has made us mellower on the subject of death. We recall our Mother's garden, on a sunny south slope of a New Hampshire hill. We think her attitude about gardening about right. (Perhaps you will gather from time to time, that we think she was about tops, anyhow.) Some morning in spring she would finish kneading her bread, sniff the air, wipe her hands on her apron—and then, suffused with that quiet obtuseness of thought that often characterized her, she would take down a bunch of envelopes from the corner cupboard and start her spring gardening. Out at the end of the shed was the woodpile, where for more than two hundred years, chip dirt has been accumulating. Precious as radium and very pleasant to the sense of smell. With a bucket of this and a wheelbarrow load of manure off the pile in the barnyard, she would dig and hoe and scatter seed all over the front yard. If she had any system, the results never showed it. The results were riot. Riot everywhere. We don't remember that she ever tended the garden—though it may be supposed she threw dish water and such-like on it when she could. It was a thoroughly joyous, completely funny and amazingly beautiful garden. Like her.

Along in September, she would finish kneading her bread one morning, sniff the air, wipe her hands on her apron—and pick her first bouquet. She had smelled frost on the wind, and some impulse sent her out excitedly gathering her fattest blooms. She would go from plant to plant—zinnia to cosmos to aster—until her arms were full and her face had gathered into it anew that blossoming sense she always wore. At dinner time—farm dinner at noon—the table would have an air of being aghast at her effrontery, so burdensome her flowers seemed in the house. She never had any time to arrange them, anyway, and as like as not she would stick them into what was known in those days as the celery dish (a tall, ugly vase-like thing) and they did look pretty sorry. Father invariably said, What in Hell are those things here for? and Mother's bouquet would be relegated to the drainboard, there ignominiously to die.

But she was never more excited about her garden than that day after the first big frost when she gathered in the seed. There came upon her a fervor for full seed pods. Plants came up by the roots with a complete ruthlessness. There were no tears for her dead garden. It was finished. She took the seeds lovingly into the house, and that night after supper she carefully sorted and labeled them. Then put them into some old envelopes and stuck them up in the corner cupboard.

Over her desk she hung one of Wanda Gag's hoar frost drawings and among the favorite little tags of quotations she kept about was that one: . . . "In shrewest March the earth is mellowing, And hath conceived the summer unaware."

We were caught in the rain with Helen Vye the other day. Well, caught in the rain in The Irene Lucien Shop while we were buying that smart little striped wool thing we sometimes treat the public to a glimpse of. So we got to talking of this and that and discovered that our bright and charming Helen was born in a tiny village just outside Biarritz and brought up by a terribly strict French grandmother. We like to make a picture of her, her hands folded over an immaculate fichu; her eyes cast modestly down under her immaculate cap.

At nine years Helen was plunged into Paris, with an aunt, who seems to have done a good enough job at blotting out the psychological implications of the fichu. At any rate, after school Helen went to work for Redfern. If you've ever heard Helen talk about textures, you will notice that she rubs her thumb and fingers together and half closes her eyes. About design: she completely closes her eyes and draws things in thin air. But about quality and novelty—those things that re-create a woman—she is merely soft-spokenly intense. You can see that her years with Redfern, both in Paris and London, have helped her to contribute enormously to that considerable infiltration of the expert and authoritative one finds in this strange village.

It was on a vacation from canteen work during the war that she met, by cointidence, the George Vye she had known in something of a casual way for years. He asked her to his house in Hampshire and she overcame a French girl's conventional prejudices far enough to accept. In her own words: "His family made me so comfortable that . . . well . . we got married."

And came to Carmel and lived happily ever afterward. A swell gal, that Helen. May her dream of a day when her shop will be a splendid, expensive joujou and she and George can cultivate their garden, come rapidly true. "It is necessary not to live so . . . so . . *rapide* . . " she says, with her charm.

Somehow, by that mysterious process of one thing leading to another, this brings us up to Vining's Market. Have you seen the meat book? We have always felt that we should have had a small cook book and the Complete Oxford English Dictionary built into us. The latter we left in Connecticut. But the meat book is that neat and handy! And it has *everything* about meat in it—except that it doesn't mention Bob, which we think any right-thinking book on meat ought to do. We made the Corned Beef Dinner on page 10—complete with suggested menu, and it didn't cost us but . . . Oh, get up from bottoming that chair and find out for yourself. (Note: the books are free to Bob's customers.)

+ + +

LA COLLECTA CLUB READS DON BLANDING'S POEMS

La Collecta Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Clara L. Beller. Some of Don Blanding's poems were read by Mrs. D. E. Nixon and Miss Flora Gifford. Mrs. John Albee played "Chinese Serenade" and also read an article, "Interview With Edgar Guest". The birthdays of Mrs. Eva French and Mrs. Alice Layton were celebrated. The next meeting will be February 3 with Mrs. Albee.

Dr. and Mrs. Hermann Spoehr were down from Palo Alto to spend last week-end in the home they still maintain here.

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The Current London Success
'WHITEOAKS'
By Mazo de la Roche
Sun. Afternoon
AT 3:00 P. M.
Last Season's New York Hit
'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE'
PRICES:
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[33⅓% discount to students]
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You haven't "DONE"
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Kuster To Open Golden Bough in San Francisco

(Continued on Page Two)

hard Kuster, founder and director of the noted Theatre of The Golden Bough at Carmel, destroyed by fire in 1935. The new Golden Bough wil be an instrument for the discovery and cultivation of the resources of the San Francisco Bay region in music, drama and dance. Plays will be selected and performed according to the best traditions of the Theatre. Intimate recitals of music and of dance, particularly by the newer artists, are to be conspicuously featured.

"Programs at the Golden Bough Playhouse, when not invitational, will be presented *only to Guild members and their guests.* The Playhouse will not be conducted as a public theatre."

Then here is the "R. S. V. P.":

"Owing to the limited capacity of the new Golden Bough and the large number of patrons and friends of the former Golden Bough living in the San Francisco Bay region, the Guild takes the liberty of urging a prompt response to its invitation, and for greater convenience encloses a reply card for that purpose.

"NOTE: On the evening of the opening of the Playhouse a rarely beautiful collection of panels in gesso, by the English portrait painter, Mary Young-Hunter, will be exhibited in the foyer."

Then, included in our envelope, was a slip giving the "Advisory Board, Golden Bough Guild", as follows:

Albert M. Bender, Dr. Hans Barkan, Adolph Bolm, Contessa Alessandro Dandini, Sara Bard Field, Martin Flavin, Mrs. John Oscar Gantner, Leon Gelber, Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale, Mrs. Frank Havens, Alfred Hertz, Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, John Howell, Robinson Jeffers, Mrs. Ira Kahn, Redfern Mason, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. Willa McNear, Gaetano Merola, Nathan Moran, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Prof. Franz Schneider, Miss Barbara Sutro, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Dr. Robert G. Sproul, Noel Sullivan, Lloyd Tevis, Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

Finally, the "Postponement" notice:

"In the hour of mailing this invitation, it is learned that the recital of San Francisco's newest musical genius, little Peter Paul Loyanich, has been set for the same evening as the opening of the Golden Bough Playhouse. In deference to this engagement, the opening of the Playhouse is postponed to the followng evening, Wednesday, January 27. Please revise the enclosed response card accordingly."

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SUNSET STUDENT BODY TO NOMINATE

Nominations will be in order for officers of the Sunset School Student Body this morning. The nominating assembly of that organization will meet at this time and accept proposals of names for officers for the term which began Monday of this week. Elections will be held the following week.

TOM AND JERRY TIME . . . or anytime it's

JESS'

424 Alvarado Street
Elks' Building in
Uptown Monterey

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

(As we have started on this column because of your constant yapping for it, you are supposed to help in providing material for it. If you go places, do things, see people, and generally barge, or bark around, call us at 77 and inform us of such caninening.—The Editor)

\+

Domino Yates was married last Monday at Kingsland Kennels. The bride was Miss Raggio of Piedmont. Details of the wedding trip are being withheld, but it is believed that for the nonce, at least, each will go his and her separate ways. You can't expect to set up an establishment, with hot water and heat and everything, all at once. Not on Domino's salary.

\+

Spotty Hyde is seen these days and often wedged in a Ford coupe between the writer de luxe of the *Californian* staff and a luxurious writer of scenarios.

\+

Pal has been hurting people; people he meets casually on Ocean avenue—hurting them with his exuberance as manifest in his jaws. He has been told so and admonished and, recently, one notices that he is a bit coy.

\+

Snippy Curtin has been hanging around Lincoln and Ocean recently a good deal of the time. There is possibility of an interest in Miscan Fraser, but this is considered in some circles as unfounded rumor, Snippy seriously looking in another direction for actual heart interest.

\+

The younger set has become interested in a new Yorkshire and his master, looking like an artist of sorts. As yet they appear to be reticent about acquaintances, but the impression one gets at a glance is that both will be welcome when they thaw out.

\+

Chile Minnie the Mouser maintains persistent possession of the attentions of Teddy Snack. Neither of them look with favor on any other members of their species, especially those in canine circles. If Teddy isn't on hand to provide the necessary protection, visitors are tolerated at a respectful distance, but not over an imaginary line.

COULD *YOU* TAKE IT?

Pause a moment. Pause and weep.
Pity the poor chimney sweep!
Who prints his trade upon his hat
In letters big, and round, and fat.
I doubt if it would salve *your* pride
To have it flaunted far and wide
Just who *you* were—with what intentions—
And if you honored the conventions—
Chiseler, prig or parasite—
In letters large, and clear, and bright.
Pause a moment. Pause and weep.
Pity the poor chimney sweep!

—LIBBY LEY

Carmel Officially Accepts Gift of Forest Theater

There is more balm in Gilead than you thought—or, rather, we thought. There were no protestants at the meeting of the council Wednesday night to the proposition of acceptance by the city of the gift of the Forest Theater property by the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts.

At the previous meeting, when the council received and heard read a letter from the club offering, in lieu of delinquent taxes, to give the property to the city to be used for park and playground purposes, the scion of one of our oldest families rose to his feet and implied (he actually more than implied) that there would be objections to this on the part of surrounding property owners. Knowing Carmel and Carmel protestants of the past, we concluded that this meant something. It didn't. No one appeared to protest the gift or the acceptance of it. So the council went on record last Wednesday night as formally accepting the gift. The city atorney will be instructed to draw up the necessary papers.

Therefore and hence, as we said two weeks ago, the beacon lighted by Herbert Heron 27 years ago is about to go out. It only requires a meeting of the stockholders of the club, to execute the deed of gift and the glim will be doused.

According to E. A. H. Watson, secretary of the club, this will be done within another 30 days.

BERT HERON TALKS TO ART ASSOCIATION

Among other matters discussed last Monday evening by various members of the Monterey County History and Art Association, in annual conclave at the First Theater Building in Monterey, Herbert Heron of Carmel brought up the subject of plays suitable for production in the old theater. That the known dramatic output of the period of the '50's—such things as "The Drunkard" and "Fashion"—are, for one reason or another, out of the question, seems undebatable to Mr. Heron. He, therefore made the suggestion that the job of writing a vehicle proper to the spirit and tradition of the place and times, be turned over to some qualified local author.

Inasmuch as this Peninsula fairly reeks of the stuff that makes Broadway Bright and Hollywood Hair Raising, Mr. Heron's idea sounds at least potential.

The First Theater houses at the moment an exhibition of Sibyl Anikeyev's photographic studies of local types, which has been reported to be most interesting.

Marian Boke Now Chest Secretary

Marian Boke Todd is on the job and she likes it.

Knowing Marian, we think that the principal reason she likes it is not because she has such a high-sounding title as Executive Secretary of the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest, or that she has a nice place in which to work, or, even, the pay she gets, but because it gives her just the grandest opportunity in the world to do things for people who need things done for them. Because Marian, if you ask us, has some sort of a fool obsession about doing things for people. She apparently was brought up that way; it's in her blood, and maybe she can't help it. But there you are.

Not so seriously, Marian arrived from the southland, where she was mixed up with some sort of WPA work, on January 10, which was last Sunday, and on January 11, which was Monday, began her duties as executive secretary of the Chest with offices in the Brown building in Monterey. Her hours are from 9 to 5, except Saturday, and then they are from 9 to 12. Sundays she is supposed to be off, but let her know somebody wants something and see what happens—even on Sundays.

\+ + +

Mrs. William F. Gabriel of San Francisco is expected soon for an extended visit.

80
PER CENT OF OUR PATRONS
ARE WOMEN
and women know food
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IN CARMEL THEATRE BLDG.

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CUP AND SAUCER, Complete 10c
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SUGAR BOWLS, Each 5c
SALT AND PEPPERS, Each 5c
Five Cents to One Dollar Store

Sixth Grade Play Well Produced

Pupils of the sixth grade of Sunset School produced a play last Friday afternoon and produced it exare to be classed as unusually good. traordinarily well. R. J. Gale, class teacher, was the playwright and the director of the cast, and his efforts

It was a swell play for those children to give and it was a swell way in which they did it. THE CYMBAL staff member who chanced to see it and report verbally to us about it, is responsible for this enthusiasm about it, and she said:

"Our hope of presenting history to young minds as a vitally live and comprehensive panorama, rather than a dull résumé of dates and facts, lies with teachers like Mr. Gale, who is further to be congratulated on his talents as a play writer and a producer."

This particular production dealt with the history of Spain from the time of Columbus up to the present civil conflict. It demonstrated the desirability of peace by arbitration and the reasons why American school children should be happy to be citizens of a country with tendencies predominantly peaceful and fairly safely isolated from European belligerents.

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MURPHY MILL NOW WHERE MUSES ONCE FLIRTED

What not so long ago was a palace of esthetic pleasure, such as drama, dancing, music and numerous other arts, now hums with buzz saws. Not exactly raucous buzz saws, but almost the esthetic variety that turn out door and window sashes and delicate cabinet work. Mike Murphy has moved his most high-hat mill from down on Ninth and Monte Verde streets to the old Denny-Watrous Gallery. We don't mean Denny and Watrous are old, or even the gallery for that matter but, you know, what was the Denny-Watrous Gallery. What used to be the private, but never so very private, office of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, has a mill foreman's desk and filing cabinet in it, and the other office, where Mrs. Paul Flanders used to rake in the money, but not so much money, for the Carmel Music Society, has a refrigerator in it. And behind, where many a hand has clapped and many a voice has ah-ed, is the Murphy mill de luxe.

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LEGIONNAIRES TO DANCE NIGHT OF JANUARY 30

American Legionnaires and their fair ones are to trip the light fantastic Saturday night, January 30. Joe Catherwood heads the committee which is preparing all the fixings for a generally good time. He is being assisted by Captain Pat Hudgins, Commander Peterson, Lee Gottfried, Bill Frolli, Jimmie Regan, Fred McIndoe, Herman Crossman and Earl Grafft. Alan Knight's four-piece orchestra is to provide the syncopation.

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Miss Harriet Smith, who is to be everlastingly remembered in Carmel as the director of the Pinon Players during the summer of 1935, is in New York and, with Mrs. Fern Hyde, has been "doing" the operas, occasionally having as an escort none other than John Rockwell.

\+

Mrs. Margaret Chamberlain who who has been spending the early winter with her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hitchcock, at Lake Forest, Illinois, has returned home, via Arizona, where she left Mrs. Hitchcock and the latter's children for a visit.

Green Room Plays To Be Read This Next Week-End

Because of the illness of Baldwin McGaw the reading of the plays, "Whiteoaks" and "Pride and Prejudice", scheduled respectively for last Saturday and Sunday, were postponed. "Whiteoaks" will be read by McGaw and Emma Knox on the evening of Saturday, January 31, at the Golden Bough Green Room in the former Arts and Crafts Hall, Monte Verde street, near Ninth.

Although annoyingly ill with a cold, Baldwin McGaw expected to keep his engagement until the very last day and then what was clearly a light case of influenza forced the postponement of the play readings.

These two very talented persons should, after all, profit by the postponement and the publicity the additional time will give, and there should be full houses to greet them next week-end.

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Parties Planned For Ballet Russe

Carmel people who get particularly excited over the dance are planning in goodly number to journey to San Jose February 1, the evening of which day the Denny-Watrous management is presenting the Ballet Russe in the civic auditorium in that city.

The Ballet, with its full company of 125, gives only one performance that close to Carmel. Three ballets have been chosen for the program. They represent the gamut of the art of the ballet.

"Les Sylphides", which was the favorite ballet of Diaghileff for 25 years, and deemed by connoisseurs a gem of imperishable beauty; "Aurora's Wedding", romantic and brilliantly colorful in contrast; and "Prince Igor", wild, barbaric, violent, giving opportunity for great leaps and head spins by the male dancers—these make up the program.

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NOW THEY'RE LEARNING TO YELL AT SUNSET

There doesn't seem to be anything these youths of ours are not learning down at the Bardarson academy on San Carlos street. Now it's yelling. (Just as if they, the masculine element at any rate, hadn't come by yelling sort of naturally). Higher education calls it rooting. But whatever it is, it must be going big. One certain youth of whom we are particularly and persistently cognizant, is our evidence for this. He has his grandmother doing it now. And she knows all the words. We got them from her and here they are:

Ice cream, soda water,
Ginger ale, POP!
Sunset Lightweights
Always on the top!

Sky-y-y Rocket
(Long scree-e-eam)
Sunset. Sunset.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

S-U-N-S-E-T
S-U-N-S-E-T
S-U-N-S-E-T
SUNSET!

Hugh Dormody is doing the yell leading and (from the same evidence) he's doing swell.

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Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart have completed plans for a world tour. They are to leave Vancouver on the *Empress of Britain* on February 20.

Adult Forum Plans Fine Program

An interesting program has been arranged for the next three months by the Monterey Union Adult School Forum in Sunset School Auditorium.

This evening, Dr. L. Cody Marsh talks on "Seven Marks of Maturity". This is, in a manner, a contribution of a group of people who are underwriting psychiatric lectures here this week-end by Dr. Marsh.

On the evening of February 4, Dr. Paul F. Cadman will be the Forum speaker at the Sunset Auditorium. His subject will be: "The Present Financial Situation, National and International."

Dr. Hubert Phillips will lead the Forum discussion Thursday evening, March 4. His subject will be: "Scandinavia, Land of Peace and Prosperity."

On Tuesday evening, March 9, Wallace King will give a travelogue: "Forgotten Empires of America."

It has been tentatively arranged that on an evening in April the Rev. Father Hubbard will talk on his "Adventures in Alaska".

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Colored People Honor Lincoln

In celebration of the anniversary of the signing by Abraham Lincoln of the Emancipation Proclamation, the Negro Progressive Political Association of the Monterey Peninsula gave a dinner and program in the First Baptist Church in Pacific Grove Thursday evening, January 14. Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews of Carmel, scheduled to speak, was unable to attend because of illness. Mrs. D. E. Nixon, Mrs. Etta Fletcher and the Rev. Homer Bodley addressed the gathering.

Carl Harris of Carmel, president of the association, read a letter from W. L. Overstreet of Carmel, a great lover of Lincoln and a collector of Lincolniana. Bill Overstreet wrote to Harris:

"May I again commend you and your organization for perpetuating by some sort of celebration the act of promulgating and signing the Emancipation Proclamation by President Abraham Lincoln.

"It is such acts as this, advancing the spiritual state and the economic and social progress of the human race, that should ever be emblazoned on the banners of historic progress.

"Never let a year go by that does not recognize in a substantial manner the master stroke of the Great Emancipator."

\+ + +

Miss Janet Prentiss of the Cinderella Shop, who has been visiting in Arizona for several months, returned to her home in Carmel Wednesday.

There is
something different
about
SADE'S
SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S SADE
•
But anyway, there is food that more than satisfies; and drink that more than quenches
SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN
Ocean Avenue near Library

Psychiatry Mission Starts Tonight

We are to have a Psychiatric Mission. It starts tonight with a lecture by Dr. L. Cody Marsh at the Sunset School Auditorium on "Seven Marks of Maturity". It continues Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the assembly room at Pine Inn where and when there will be held "group conferences of men and women over 60, for 'tired businessmen', single women, parents, and young people."

Then, Sunday night, again at the Sunset School Auditorium, Dr. Marsh will lecture on "A Disarmament Conference of the Human Heart".

We quote further:

"Dr. Marsh, who recently came to San Francisco from the East, where he has been resident physician in various state hospitals and has had a large private practice in psychiatry, has originated what he describes as the 'group approach' to mental hygiene. As the basis for a happy and useful life lies in the understanding of how to cooperate successfully with others, he believes that group discussion of common human problems is even more helpful than private treatment which, however, is essential in serious cases of threatened mental disorder."

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Bird Walkers See Yellow Throat, But Shucks, Sez We

An intrepid band of bird lovers trailed Laidlaw Williams down onto the Carmel Beach Tuesday and looked on various species of ocean and sand birds while Laidlaw told about them. Intrepid they were (the lovers, not the birds) because going down on Carmel Beach last Tuesday wasn't what one would call taking a Turkish bath, if you know what we mean.

Then, from there, and perhaps most of them were glad to go from there, the group journeyed to Del Monte, steered clear of Herb Cerwin with his "unreleased" camera, and gathered about the lake on the all kinds of birds for that, you may know, is quite a bird refuge.

It was later reported by one of the group that there they saw a so-called "yellow htroat", of the warbler family, and considered quite rare in these parts or, maybe, at this time of year.

But either way, one Dorothy Bassett, who lives up in Carmel Woods and mothers about seventeen million birds a year, what with her suet nests and water troughs about the place, says "hooey" right to Laidlaw and his group. She says that right at the home of her brother, known more or less as a small-town editor, she saw the other day a perfectly good so-called "yellow throat"—and that's that.

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PLANNED TO HEAR PAZMOR; WEATHER TOO BITING

A group from Carmel, who are special admirers of Radiana Pazmor, planned to journey to Sacramento last Tuesday to hear her sing at a recital presented by a Sacramento music organization (we think it's The Saturday Club) but didn't go on account of the biting and somewhat blighting winds.

By the way, the president of this music organization, which we think is called The Saturday Club, is Mrs. Arnold Waybur who was Miss Margery Stanton of Carmel.

Also by the way, Miss Pazmor will be one of the soloists at the Third Bach Festival in Carmel this summer. She will sing a Bach Cantata for contralto.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Magee have returned from Lake Arrowhead and have as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay of New York.

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Just in Case... YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department —Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warten, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, south from Ocean avenue. Edward G. Kuster, owner and manager. Closed until spring.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. William Loring, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, 7:50 a. m.; south-bound, 9 a. m.; north and south, 9:40 a. m.; north, 1:05 p. m.; north, 4 p. m.; north and south, 6:51 p. m.; south, 10 p. m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a. m.; north and south, 11:10 a. m.; north, 12:09 p. m.; north, 3 p. m.; north and south, 6:58 p. m.; north and south, 7:55 p. m.; south, 9:20 p. m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

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Monterey Wants Carmel To Help Finish Airport; What Do You Say About It?

(Continued from Page One)

this airport business and what with government promises and government withdrawal of promises, with government guarantees to pay so much, and government renunciation of such guarantees, now the airport is all but finished and ready to fly if it only had a little oil on its wings, or runways, and there were a door or two and a few windows put in the already built hangar. These incidentals, according to Crabbe, will cost in the neighborhood of $4300 of which Monterey has, or is willing to produce, $1200, on top of a few thousands it has already dug up, leaving that city out on a limb to the extent of $3100.

We don't know just how they figured the thing out, and something was said about a 5-3-2 ratio, but Carmel's contribution to this out-on-a-limb sum is fixed at about $800. It is assumed that last night Messrs. Crabbe and Davis went to the Pacific Grove council and asked for the still missing $2300.

The point is this:

Carmel is supposed to be going to benefit immeasurably through the completion of this airport and its sanction as a first-class place by the federal department of air commerce. Only on the proper completion of it and this sanction by the government, can the airport be used by regular air lines and, it is hoped, by the air mail.

As Crabbe put it, 30 per cent of the use of airplane lines out of the Monterey airport will be by Carmel residents. Councilman Kellogg persisted in wondering how he knew this. He didn't tell, specifically, but on several occasions mentioned something about Carmel people always running between Carmel and Hollywood, and that these persons, whoever they are, would prefer to fly than run.

Crabbe appealed for some definite action on the part of the Carmel council because, he said, "we are going over to the Pacific Grove council tomorrow night (Thursday) and Pacific Grove sort of has a telescope on Carmel. If we have to tell them you did nothing, they just say, 'well, we're sorry', and they'll do nothing."

That seemed logical enough, assuming we *are* on the big end of a Pacific Grove telescope, and the council seemed to think that some hopeful word might be uttered that would lead Pacific Grove to believe that Carmel is ready to sell what soul it has to put that airport over.

So, the very heavy motion to the effect that on February 3 the matter would be considered.

According to Crabbe and Davis the Condor Line and the United Air Lines are just itching to make the Monterey airport a regular port of call. It is understood, they said, that the Condor people want to operate two planes a day each way through the Monterey airport, and the United Lines, which now has two valley routes going, wants to transfer one to the coast and through Monterey. They both, it appears, are maneuvering for the mail contract.

Birney Adams suggested that the Army, as represented by the Monterey Presidio, might consider the airport as an important means of defending the Monterey Peninsula. Crabbe hopped quickly on this one. He said there was no doubt, if the airport was completed and sanctioned, that the Army would contribute toward necessary improvements to make it a military landing field also. Crabbe made no bones about the fact that he thought the use of the airport by the army would be effective in keeping the Japanese from stealing the Peninsula. Whether his remarks will involve the government in international complications is a conjecture.

Councilman Rowntree (he is always good at this) dropped a light-voiced query as to who was going to run this here airport. He knew the answer before he put the question. But Crabbe replied without hesitation:

"The Del Monte Properties Company will operate it. And there is no use dodging the fact that eventually they expect to make some money out of it. But for the first couple of years or three it will be a losing proposition. They are willing to take it on the chin now for its future possibilities".

It was specifically stated, however, that the land itself had been deeded to the city of Monterey by the Del Monte Properties Company and that the airport is owned by the city of Monterey.

Now, Miss Kellogg, particularly, and the city council, generally, want to know if the citizens of Carmel are willing to spend $800 to help complete the Monterey airport.

You are respectfully requested to speak up.

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PAUL MERCURIO, GOLFER, NOW KITTEN-MINDED

Here's Paul Mercurio starting again on Page Eight, intent on working his way forward again. But this time it isn't golf, it's kittens. He's lost a kitten. At first he lost two kittens. Then one came back. Then it went out looking for the other kitten. Then the other came back. Then the first one was lost. Then the other went to find it. Then it was lost. And the other came—. We seem to be a bit confused ourselves. Anyway there's only one kitten at home now and it's desperately lonesome for the other one over whom, or which, it was accustomed to roll all day, or be rolled under all day. It's a black kitten (both are for that matter) that's lost and this is to help find it. It's not only black, but Persian (as, again, both of them are) and if you see it, or know anyone who has seen it, or anyone who has seen anyone who has seen—. Again we are confused. But get in touch with Paul and whether he is playing golf or shaving somebody, he'll be interested.

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THOBURN'S PARKING GOES ON WITHOUT A MURMUR

With Councilman Joseph A. Burge absent and likewise, and perhaps consequently, no injunction or protests in sight, the four members of the city council present Wednesday night discussed the kind and variety of flowering shrub that is to be planted in Councilman Thoburn's little, three-foot strip down the center of Ocean avenue.

Thoburn couldn't pronounce the name of the plant, much less spell it, and Councilman Clara Kellogg was appealed to. She spelled it, a bit uncertainly, but here's how she did it: Pyracantha Yunnanensis. You can't call Thoburn ignorant, exactly, after that, can you? If he is, he's got a lot of company.

Anyway the p. y. has scarlet berries on it and the thorny nature of its leaves and stems will make it uncomfortable for humans who try to short-cut by wading through it.

Census Is Planned For Dogs and—Ouch! —Garbage

We are not quite sure that dog owners of Carmel (and who, pray tell, is not a dog owner of Carmel?) will like this idea, but Mr. Guy Curtis of Pacific Grove, a new director of the Humane Society, appeared before the city council Wednesday night and informed that body that a dog census will be taken by WPA workers at no cost to the city.

This isn't what the dog owners won't like. It comes next.

"At the same time," said Mr. Earl Duclus, county sanitary inspector, jumping to his feet as the final echo of Mr. Curtis' words died away, " a garbage census will be taken by the WPA workers."

The point is, are we going to like the idea of a WPA guy standing on our doorstep and asking us if we have any dogs and garbage? We, for one, intend to say: "You can just go around to the back door and ask about the garbage. Front door about our dog; back door about our garbage. There is no connection between the two."

The point of the two censuses is as follows:

Dogs: To determine who owns them and to see they pay a license and to arrange for a means of collecting the licenses whereby the Humane Society will get all the money.

Garbage: To find out what persons are declining to pay a garbage man and instead are depositing their garbage, after every meal, somewhere along the road as they ride forth to take the air.

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Gordon Ewig, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ewig, is at the Peninsula Community Hospital on the road to recovery after an emergency operation for appendicitis, which was successfully performed by Dr. J. B. McCarthy.

High School Notes

The Monterey Toreador Basketball Team won an exciting game from the Watsonville Wildcats this last Friday night, the score ending 26-24. The starting line-up included Captain Harry Sanders and Tom Lathos, forwards, Warner Keeley, center, and Johnny Burns and Joe Maddelena, guards.

The spectators witnessed the premier of the new electric score board bought by the Student Body and the new sound amplifier, which is a great luxury.

The Girls' Athletic Association of the Monterey Union High School gave a supper-party for its members on Friday, January 15. As there were 50 girls present, real Italian spaghetti was served in the large gymnasium. After they had finished, most of the girls attended the basketball game.

Nominees for the officers of the Student Body of the Monterey Union High School have been chosen for the following semester. They are Warner Keeley, Joe Maddelena, Juanita Flagg and Patty Coblentz for President; Robert Sparoline, Carmel Martin, Eleanor Butts, and Joyce Uzzell for vice-president; Camille Albert, Antoinete Gay and Juanita Santos for secretary; Herbert Cohen and Catherine Hamm, or Jack Sanders and John De Girolamo for yell leaders.

—Jane Millis

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Ruth Austin honored Mrs. James O. Greenan, recently from the Philippines who is spending the winter in Carmel, and Maj. L. H. Dunlap, Commander at Nichols Army Air Field, Manila, at a cocktail party yesterday at her home on San Antonio. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Crossman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moll, Mr. and Mrs. William Frolli, Mrs. Marian Boke Todd, Mrs. Richard Boke, Mrs. J. Douglas Short, Mrs. Virginia Carr, Tilly Polak, Byington Ford, Myron Brinig, Ernest Schweninger.

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Mr. and Mrs. James L. Cockburn entertained at tea last Thursday week in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gardener and the Rev. and Mrs. Carel J. Hulsewe of Paso Robles.

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